SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.

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SELECT POETRY.

NOTHING IS LOST.

BY J. C. PRICE.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's thunder-shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nought lost; for e'en the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need
Wherein 'tis sown and grown;
Perchance finds sustenance and soil,
In some remote and desert place,
Or, 'mid the crowded homes of toil,
Sheds usefulness and grace.

The little drift of common dust,
By the March winds disturb'd and toss'd,
Though scatter'd by the fitful gust,
Is changed, but never lost;
It yet may bear some sturdy stem,
Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or crown with verdurous diadem
Some ruin of the past.

The furnace quench'd, the flame put out,
Still cling to earth or soar in air;
Transform'd, diffused, and blown about,
To burn again elsewhere:
Haply to make the beacon blaze,
Which gleams athwart the briny waste,
Or light the social lamp, whose rays
Illume the home of taste.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathings of the mournful flute,
Which we have heard with list'ning heart,
Are not extinct when mute:
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherish'd flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
Utter'd, they are not all forgot:
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not.
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to—
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or sooth like honey-dew.

So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have a power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay;
Oh that our deeds were fashion'd so
That they might bless alway!

SELECTED STORY.

THE IDIOT'S EVIDENCE.

A REMINISCENCE.

WHOEVER has happened to visit the pleasantly situated village of Blue Anchor, Bridgewater Bay, Somersetshire, (Eng.) can hardly have failed to notice on its extremity a pretentious sort of cottage *orné* in the Chinese pagoda style, with a round, pepper-box-looking structure at the gate entrance, dignified by the name of "Porter's Lodge." This edifice was built by a Mr. Wainwright, of Bethnel Green, London, who having, in the course of half a century of saving, industry, and single-blessedness, scraped together a handsome competency, suddenly determined upon exchanging his business and his bachelorhood for the retirement of Blue Anchor, near which he was born, and marriage with a good-looking widow of less than half his own age, but amply dowered with five small children. Wedded bliss did not seem to agree with Mr. Wainwright, for after the achievement of Laburnum Villa left him nothing on earth to do but sip its sweets continually, he, after moping through about six months of restless life, sank with entire resignation, the minister said, to his final rest, leaving Mrs. Wainwright, by a will made in the first week of the honey-moon, absolute mistress of some twelve thousand pounds in the funds, in addition to Laburnum Villa and its appurtenances—of everything, in short, of which he had died seized or possessed. We of Blue Anchor had but brief opportunity of noticing how the widow of her second husband bore her sorrow, one little month only having passed away before she took her departure for London; and a painted board, stuck in the front flower-garden, announced that Laburnum Villa and grounds were to be sold: further particulars obtainable of Mr. Holford, Blue Anchor—pending which ultimate disposal of the property, a neatly-framed card in the lodge window, gave notice, that furnished apartments, with attendance, might be obtained by application within.

Mr. Holford was my father, who, having had some slight acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, had undertaken to keep an eye upon the property, as well as over Joel Barton, the gate-keeper, and Mistress Fanny Denvir, or Bennett—there being, in some persons' opinion, considerable doubt upon this point—the youthful housekeeper left in charge of the interior of Laburnum Villa. Joel was a parish boy, having been born, bred, educated—that is, taught to read without much spelling, and to write intelligibly to persons skilled in caligraphical difficulties—in the workhouse. He had but one relation, a decrepid, almost bedridden mother; and, in other respects, was emphatically the child of calamity. In person he was greatly deformed, and his large, coarsely-featured head, squat, as it were, upon his broad shoulders, and protruding back and breast, would have presented an altogether repulsive aspect, but for the fine dark eyes which I have often seen kindle into lustrous expression of sad eloquence when words of kindness or sympathy fell upon his ear. The unfortunate lad's intellect, too, was unsound—unsettled, I sometimes thought, might be the truer description; and by the boy-rabble of Blue Anchor he was always addressed and spoken of as "Foolish, or Mad Joey." The taunts and torments, to which he was exposed on account of his mental infirmity, ceased at about his fifteenth year, his remarkable strength of arm, ponderosity of fist, and fierce courage, at that age effectually protecting him from overt annoyance. Nevertheless, he did not cease to be spoken of as a half-crazed, sullen, dangerous person, whom, spite of some good qualities, such as honesty, fidelity, truthfulness, it was prudent to, if possible, avoid; and there could be no doubt that the persecution to which he had been so many years exposed had quickened and exasperated whatever of sinister predisposition was latent in his imperfectly-developed cranium. With the exception of his mother and Fanny Bennett, I was about the only person for whom he ever manifested confidence or respect, from my having been able to render him some trifling services. Fanny's influence over him was of a very different character, and incomprehensible, I believe, to himself, often confessedly wondering, as I was sure he did, why it was that her bright face and gentle voice made his pulse beat, and the dark chambers of his brain lighted with a troubled, half-fearful joy.—And the child-beauty herself could at that time have little dreamed that the words and looks of compassionate kindness which she bestowed upon Foolish Joey would thereafter have so marked an effect upon her own destiny; that her own life-experience would furnish a striking illustration of the wisdom of the injunction set forth in her dame-school copy-book: "Scorn not the afflicted nor the outcast, for they also are God's children."

This Fanny Bennett was another of our village notorieties—I had almost written calamities—forasmuch that at the period of which I am now speaking, it would have been hard to decide which of the two, the house or gatekeeper at Laburnum Villa, had been most unfortunate in the lottery of life. Of very humble parentage—her father was a journeyman market-gardener—Fanny Bennett was one of those rare flowers scattered here and there over the bleak wastes of the world, whose fresh, rustic beauty possesses so mighty, if but momentary charm, for men palled with the trained graces—the cultivated attractions of the lilies and roses which adorn the gorgeous *parterres* of high society. A good girl, too—guileless, affectionate, and dutiful; and, spite of the inflation of vanity which the constant breath of even village admiration could hardly fail to generate in her young brain, might have kept her feet and the even tenor of her peaceful way, had it not unfortunately chanced that a fashionable lady of Bath—whom it is unnecessary to name—struck by her appearance and natural elegance of manner, offered to take her into her service as "companion," educate, and provide for her. The temptation was irresistible, and Fanny, who had just turned her sixteenth year, left Blue Anchor in the great lady's carriage. The promise of the lady-patroness was so far fulfilled that she was taught so much of superficial accomplishment as might be useful or agreeable to her mistress—hair-dressing, cheek-painting, embroidery—to play the piano sufficiently well to accompany her own voice in the simple ballads she sang so sweetly, and to read with enough of skilled emphasis to render a novel or a newspaper intelligible to the jaded listener. About three years had thus passed when her mistress died rather suddenly, and the pretty *protege* found herself provided for to the extent of fifty pounds, and a mourning-ring, to be worn as a memento of the deceased lady's virtues and munificence.

Thus portioned with rich beauty, vain pretence, and fifty pounds in cash, Fanny Bennett, after a fruitless attempt to procure another situation as "companion," returned to fret away her youth with vexation and disgust amidst the meanness and monotony of her father's poor home and its drudging duties, as she had learned to consider them. Changed in temper, puffed up with pride, impatient of her humble position, the young morning of Fanny Bennett's life seemed already darkened with the prophetic shadow of a sinister catastrope, if I might believe the pretendedly careless post-criptum of a letter addressed to me at Bristol—where I was at the time on a visit to a relative—by my father. I had never hinted a serious thought regarding her to him or any one else, but had long since, notwithstanding, as clearly discerned as he, strongly disapproved the feeling towards the beautiful maiden which had seemed to grow with my life in constantly-increasing strength and virility. From my earliest recollection I had dreamt dreams associated with Fanny Bennett, and my father's intelligence producing a contrary effect to what he intended, I invented an excuse for hastening home at once, though with what precise purpose I hardly knew myself. Whatever it might have proved, no opportunity was afforded me of putting it in action, for the very day before I reached Blue Anchor, Fanny Bennett left it in company with a Lieutenant Denvir—a young and dashing gentleman, of attractive exterior—to be married, the village folk reported, with a sneer and a titter, at Bath. The stranger, who was passing a few days at Blue Anchor, had chanced to meet her about a fortnight after her return home, and the result just related had ensued. It seemed to have taken no one by surprise; neither did her return, after about two years' absence, ill, dejected, her beauty dimmed by grief and disappointment, accompanied by a young child, her son. She had not, it seemed, lived with her husband, as she persisted in calling Mr. Denvir, and had for the most part been, since when she had dwelt in obscure lodgings in London, barely supported by occasional remittances from Mr. Denvir. These ceased for some time before her return home, and a letter reached her, purporting to be subscribed by a solicitor, but merely dated London, May 19, 1836, by which she was informed that "the gentleman" from whom the allowance she had received was derived, having died rather suddenly, it would necessarily be discontinued. I wrote, at her father's request, to the war office, to ascertain the fact of his decease; and a curt official reply informed me that if I had consulted any army-list, I should have seen that no Theodore Denvir held a commission in his Majesty's service. This was decisive, and no further doubt remained of the nature of the villanous artifice to which, aided by her own rash folly, Fanny Bennett had fallen a victim.

Fallen thus low from the imaginary height she had attained, the future of the young wife and mother—there was no doubt, we ascertained, that the ceremony of marriage had been performed between her and the fellow calling himself Lieutenant Denvir—seemed a dreary, well-nigh hopeless one; and Mrs. Wainwright, who, whatever her other qualities, had a large share of woman's sympathy and compassion, left her in charge of Laburnum Villa at a fair salary and liberal board-wages, and Joel, till the final disposal of the property, was confirmed in his office of gate-keeper. Nothing, in connection with the fortunes and misfortunes of Fanny Bennett, or Denvir, came to my knowledge till four or five months subsequent to Mrs. Wainwright's departure. It was a delicious afternoon; the tide was out, and I had been for some time strolling about on the broad sands of Bridgewater Bay, chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancy—the latter flavor, as I remember, strongly predominating—when Joel Barton, whom I had observed busy about a pleasure-boat, in which he frequently accommodated the lodgers at Laburnum Villa with a row or sail, came rapidly, and with seeming purpose, towards me. His face, as he abruptly stopped and intently reconnoitered my countenance, wore, it struck me, a peculiarly malicious, or, at all events, mocking, as well as its usual indecisive, wavering expression. "I have been, Master Holford," he began, "shoving the boat out towards low-water mark, so that she may fleet soon after the tide rises: our house-keeper and Mr. Churston are going out together for a sail—not for the first time, either."

"Your housekeeper and Mr. Churston!" I tartly rejoined, vexed that I could not conceal the hot flush which instantly made my ears tingle, my eyes flash, and face feel like burning coals. "What is that to me?"

Joel laughed, and I was about to make some fierce and therefore foolish reply, when he said, with quick seriousness of tone—"I always go with them, Master Holford, always. Do you know," he added, peering with his dark, uncertain eyes close into my face—"Do you know that only yesterday, when they were out together, the little boy Theodore would have been drowned but for me? Mr. Churston let him fall overboard into the water—by accident, of course, you know—entirely accident," and Joel laughed again with a bitter mocking hilarity, incomprehensible to me. "I fancy our housekeeper will be married again soon," he presently added, finding I made no answer.

"Married again?" I blurted; "be duped again, you mean."

"Yes, duped again, that's it, Master Holford; but not quite like as before. Mr. Churston is rich and respectable. Lawyer Page of Bridgewater, answers for that. And see, Master Holford," he added, with abrupt vehemence, "Foolish Joey, as they call him, will soon be rich and respectable too—look here!"

He extricated, as he was speaking, a canvass bag from his trowsers pocket, containing, perhaps, a dozen sovereigns, emptied it into his hand, and contemplated his riches with fierce exultation.—"For saving Master Theodore," he exclaimed, as soon as he could withdraw his fascinated glare from the gold—"Mr. Churston's reward for saving Theodore—ha! ha!—ho! ho!

Before I could say a word, the restless humpback started off, and strode away some thirty or forty yards. He then stopped abruptly, paused as if in doubt for a minute, hurried back to where I stood, and said—"Mistress Fanny hates, detests, loathes this man as she might a spotted toad. I never heard her say so; but I know it for all that. I observe many things that wise men don't, foolish as I am."

"What, then, is to induce her to marry him?"

"The fear of poverty, the dread of want, not for herself, but for her boy; that she may else live to see him pine for lack of food. The house is sold, and we have had warning to leave."

"Well, Joel," I replied, "I can do nothing in the matter, and it's useless, therefore, to worry ourselves by dwelling upon it. An infernal business, I admit, though not exactly yours or mine."

The wild, erratic intellect of Joel—who, I was convinced, had been drinking, though, to do him justice, this was not an ordinary vice of his—seemed to determinedly steady and concentrate itself as I spoke, and after a slight hesitation he said—"I know you better, Master Holford, than to believe those words come from your heart; and I am almost sure I could trust you; and yet, perhaps, you would not have the courage to—to——"

"Courage to do *what*, in the devil's name?"

"This, Master Holford, I know—I am sure of," resumed Joel, with resolute calmness, "that this marriage would never take place if—if her boy was once well out of the way—if the—child—was—DEAD!"

These words, slowly distilled, as it were, from Joel's lips, and accompanied by his maniacal inquisition of my countenance, seemed to arrest the current of my blood. "Good Heaven!" I, after awhile, found breath to exclaim, "what diabolical thought possesses you? You surely would not——. But I see you have been drinking to excess, and hardly know——"

"Drinking!" fiercely interrupted the wayward man—"and what if I have, it doesn't so often happen; and you, who are so sober and wise, not to have seen I was joking—a fool like me would have known I was only making fun. But the boat is fleeting, I see, and I must be off to warn the wife and husband that are to be. Good-by, Master Holford."

I immediately turned homewards, in about as savage and perplexed a mood as ever I remember to have experienced. Mr. Churston, who, I was aware, had been lodging for several weeks at Laburnum Villa, I had seen once or twice at a distance. He appeared to be a gentlemanly-looking person enough, of, I guessed, about fifty years; throw herself away upon a fellow old enough to be her father, how could I help it? And what right, moreover, had I to feel angry thereat? I, who had never, that I was aware of, given the slightest intimation of—Bah! Let her marry Beelzebub if she would—what was it to me? And that crazed and drunken Joel, what might there be of seriousness in the dark fancies floating in his distempered brain? Surely he could have no real intention of murdering a child whose life he boasted of having yesterday saved, with the absurd view of removing what he supposed to be Mistress Denvir's inducements to marry Churston? It could scarcely be, and yet when, thus soliloquizing, I reached home, I could not refrain from imparting to my father the substance of Joel's ravings. He was chief constable of the district—a honorary office in those days—and might, I thought, speak to Joel in a tone of authoritative warning. He, however, made very light of the matter; was quite sure Joel must have been tipsy to have uttered such folly, and was, I saw, not in the least put out by the news of Mistress Denvir's approaching marriage. "About the very best thing she could do," he calmly observed, "and a lucky chance withal; for," added he, looking steadily over his spectacles at his only son, "what respectable young man, of independent means, would marry Fanny Bennett, or Denvir, or whatever else her legal name may be, after all that has come and gone?" A brief, enlightening sentence leapt to my lips, and would have passed them, but for a resolute effort—for what could such a declaration now avail, except to greatly irritate my father? To avoid temptation I abruptly left the room.

We heard nothing further of the inmates of Laburnum Villa till the following Sunday evening. The month was September, and the equinoctial gales of autumn had set in with unusual violence, as the howlings of the wind round the gables of the houses, and the booming of the tumbling surf in the bay, unmistakeably gave token. The storm which had suddenly risen was at its height about eight o'clock, near which time a loud knocking, sharply repeated at the outer door, startled my father and myself from the dozy thoughtfulness induced in us both by the warmth of the fire within and the roaring of the tempest without. The door was answered, and the next minute Joel Barton staggered into the room, his face white as a sheet, his eyes on fire with excitement, and his hair and clothes dripping with sea-water.

"I—I want," he stammered in answer to our mute questioning, "I want somebody—you, Master Holford—to go and break the bad news to—to—to Mistress Denvir."

"Bad news? What news?"

"That little Theodore is drowned."

"Drowned? murdered you mean, wretched villain!" shouted my father, at the same moment rushing up and seizing Joel.

"No—no, drowned I say," persisted the hunchback. "Let me go, will you? The tiller of the boat," he went on to say, after ridding himself of my father's grasp, and looking the while unquietly at me—"The tiller of the boat in which I had taken him for a sail snapped when the storm came on, the boat shot up into the wind, and the flapping of the mainsail swept him over. I tried to save him, but could not."

More passed, but suffice it to say, that spite of his protestations, my father conducted Joel to the cage or temporary lockup-house, and then proceeded to break the terrible tidings at Laburnum Villa. I accompanied him as far as the gate only, for the purpose of delivering the message Joel had charged me with to his mother. She had become so extremely deaf, that I could hardly make her understand that Joel was unexpectedly detained from home that night. "Oh, ah!" she at last muttered. "I understand; but you have nothing for me?" And the bleary eyes of the old woman rested eagerly on my hands, as if she thought I had money for her. "Nothing," I bawled, and came away. My father did not return home till near two o'clock, and had, as I anticipated, passed through a very distressing scene. "I have also had, Charles," he added, "a rather long conversation with Mr. Churston, and it is certain that the death of the boy has broken off the expected marriage. Mr. Churston frankly told me, that upon mature reflection, he had made up his mind—deuced suddenly, it is clear—that the union could hardly fail to be an unhappy one, and that he intends leaving for London early to-morrow. There is something very curious in this."

"There is, indeed; and Joel shall, as I faithfully promised him, be informed of that fact as soon as it is light. This terrible business is not yet fathomed, depend upon it."

My father agreed and went to bed; not however to sleep—at least I did not—and by six o'clock Joel Barton received my message. The reply was an earnest request to see me and my father immediately. We were with him in less than a quarter of an hour, and fairly knocked backwards by a blunt declaration or confession, the instant we entered the place, that he, Joel Barton, had drowned, murdered little Theodore Denvir, at the instigation of Mr. Churston! "I have only had a small part of the promised reward," added the wretched felon, "which I showed to Master Holford the other day, and now he thinks to throw me over, but he shan't. You don't believe me perhaps. Well, all I can say, only just examine his paper before he gets away, and if you don't find out *why* he tempted me to commit the dreadful deed, say that I bear false witness!"

We could scarcely believe our ears, but as Joe sullenly persisted in his statement, it was my father's duty, under the circumstances, to act with decision, and off we presently set towards Laburnum Villa, Joel carefully guarded by two constables. We were but just in time, as a fly was at the door, and Mr. Churston just about to step into it. He started and changed color at seeing us, but in reply to my father's request to speak to him privately, answered boldly enough, that he could not lose the time, as he feared missing the coach already.

"You *must* spare the time, Mr. Churston," was the stern rejoinder. "You are my prisoner."

"Prisoner! God of heaven! And upon what charge?"

"As an accessory before the fact, to the murder of Theodore Denvir! Ah! I see that it is an intelligible accusation. Here, steady yourself by my arm, and let us go into the house."

We all followed, and as soon as Mr. Churston's effects had been brought into the room, my father fastened the door on the inside. Joel then repeated his previous statement, but avoided, I noticed, during the recital to look Mr. Churston in the face. As he went on, that gentleman seemed to recover burst out into a furious vituperation of the accusing witness, whom he very liberally qualified as a lying felon, a slandering lunatic, &c., and at last wound up a fierce and indignant tirade, by asking my father what possible *motive* he could have had in compassing the death of the child?

"That I do not know; but the prisoner, Joel Barton, avers that the examination of your papers will unfold it."

The reviving confidence of Mr. Churston fled at once on hearing this, and he was again deadly pale and trembing in all his limbs. "Who will dare," he gasped, "to meddle with my letters or papers?"

"The nearest magistrate will, be assured; and we had better seek him at once. Come, further parley would be useless."

"One moment, Mr. Holford—one moment!" exclaimed Churston, upon whose white forehead large beads of agony were standing. "Let me reflect: I am as innocent of this horrible charge as yourself. Still, there are circumstances—there are papers, which, unexplained, might suggest. Yes, I will be frank with you, and state, unreservedly, the exact position in which I am placed."

"As you please, only remember that what you say may be used against you hereafter."

"Of course—of course. Well, then, since the truth must out, I am the uncle of Mrs. Denvir's husband. No wonder you exclaim, but hear me out. His name was Churston, not Denvir. He died about six weeks ago only, of a fall from his horse, but he lingered long enough to repent him of his conduct toward his rustic wife, and his last will devises his property, about £300 per annum, to her, till his son, by her, attain his majority, when it will pass to him, charged with a life annuity of £200 to his mother. This testament was a terrible blow to me. I am not rich—very far from it indeed, though I contrive to keep up appearances, and by an agreement with Mr. Peacocke, the solicitor, of Furnival's Inn, who drew the will, to the effect that I would seek out the widow and child, I obtained an opportunity of soliciting her in marriage before the change in her circumstances could be known. The death of a child, of which, by my hopes of salvation, I am entirely innocent—entirely changes my position, as in that case the property was devised to me, charged with the widow's annuity only. This is all the crime of which I have been guilty.

A knock at the door interrupted him. It was the unhappy mother, who came to ask if any tidings had been heard of her child. She had not, of course, the slightest idea that he had been murdered. Upon my father answering the question in the negative, she sank into a chair, hid the pale beauty of her face in her hands, and sat there sobbing convulsively, and deafly inattentive to what else was said.

"Even if you have told the truth, and all the truth, Mr. Churston," said my father, in a low voice, "the matter must be judicially sifted, and we had better begin at once."

"But this will be ruin, Mr. Holford," returned Mr. Churston in the same tone—"ruin to my character at all events, and this, too, upon the unsupported evidence of a malicious idiot."

"No, no, not unsupported, Mr. Churston," replied Joel, with suppressed but evident exultation; "the idiot has evidence to bring forth that cannot be contradicted. Here, Master Holford, cut this button off my coat; now let a constable take that and show it to my mother at the gate, and when he returns we shall see what Master Churston has to say for himself."

This was done, and several minutes of wondering, expectant silence passed, broken only by the moanings of the bereaved mother. The footsteps of the constable were then heard returning along the narrow path, and no other sound that I could hear—but the mysterious instinct of the mother was more keenly appreciative, for at once the sobbing ceased, and she sprang up in an attitude of intense listening attention, which seemed to become more absorbed and eager with each passing moment. The door was flung open, and a wild rapturous scream, almost a maniacal outburst of maternal joy, was simultaneous with the entrance of her son, the reputedly drowned or murdered Theodore!

My head seemed to spin round like a teetotum, and so I imagine did those of others, but a glance at Joel's triumphant aspect and uplifted finger, directed towards the fallen, discomfited Mr. Churston, with the mocking words which followed, explained the whole mystery—

"I say, Mr. Churston, the idiot has spoiled your wedding for you, and wormed out your secret over the market. Did'nt you ever know, sir, or had you forgot, that in the long run the knave is no match even for a fool!"

What thoroughly sane brain could have hit upon and successfully carried through such an audacious ruse? When we had time to look about us a little calmly, Churston we found had slunk off, and presently Joel sidling up to me, said in a whisper, as the excited Fanny—the only name I seem to know her by—left the room with her child: "There'll be a chance for you yet, Master Holford, and you won't forget, will you, that kindness may sometimes be repaid even by a poor half-crazy outcast, such as I am?"

There *was* a chance—a blessed one, leading to a day of which the joy-bells have never ceased to ring out their musical gratulations in one of the happiest homes in all broad England.

KENTUCKY REGARD FOR FAIR PLAY.—In the year '38 I was travelling with a strolling theatrical company, and arriving at a small town in Kentucky, it was resolved to treat the inhabitants to a bit of the legitimate. A suitable place having been secured, notices were stuck up informing the public that on that evening would be performed, by one of the best theatrical companies in the Union, the admired and popular drama of "William Tell, the Heroic Swiss."

Night came, and the room was crowded by an anxious audience, many of whom had never witnessed a theatrical performance. The piece passed off very well, eliciting much applause, and enlisting the sympathies of the audience in behalf of Tell, as they took several occasions to cheer the patriot on. When the shooting scene came, great excitement was manifested among the group of the hardy sons of Kentucky—they began to think that the thing was real. At that moment when Tell remonstrates with Gesler for having picked out the smallest apple, and the tyrant says:

"Take it as is: thy skill be greater if thou hittest it.

To which Tell replies:
one chance to save my boy!"

One of the group I have mentioned—a hardy sapling who would measure full six feet two inches in his stockings—sprung upon the stage confronting Gesler, and shouted:

"Give him a fair chance! I vow to snake it's too mean to make him shoot his son! 'spose I let him shoot one of my niggers; or if that won't do, I'll let him have a crack at me, provided he puts a pint cup on my head instead of that cussed little apple!"

It is almost useless to add that this caused a scene—especially as three or four of the Kentuckian's friends jumped upon the stage to back him and side with Tell.

It took some time to pacify and assure them that it was a play.

"Well, stranger, we won't stand any foul play in these diggins, and seein' as how it's only a show, why, we'll step out," and the valiant Kentuckian, as well as his friends, resumed their seats.—*N. Y. Dutchman*

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. An eastern editor says that a girl was asked not long since to unite herself in the silken tie to a brisk lad, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying. "Well, make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, cast down her eyes, and said with a blush, "Wouldn't April do as well?"

QUERIES.

Is it anybody's business,
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If a lady don't refuse?
Or to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it anybody's business,
If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
When that gentleman does call,
Or when he leaves that lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers on?

Is it anybody's business
But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business
But the gentleman's, if she
Rides out with other ladies
Where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the side-walk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
As he is calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business,
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this;
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we are certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And "act the nobler part"
Of the tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
It were better for the future
To mind his own concerns.

"A little semi-pagan, who for the first time was receiving some sort of religious instruction from a female friend he was visiting, found some difficulty in understanding that Sunday had anything remarkable in it over any other day. At last, by dint of 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' he was made to comprehend somewhat the sanctity of the day.

Unfortunately, however, soon after he began to understand things, coming from church one Sunday, [illegible] acquired moral sense received a terrible shock, and he entered into a very orthodox denunciation of the unconscious compounders of simples. 'But,' he was told, 'the druggists must keep open on Sunday, so that the sick people can get medicine.' 'Why! do people get sick on Sunday?' 'Yes, just as on any other day.' 'Well, good people don't die on Sunday, do they?' 'Certainly!' 'How can that be? Does heaven keep open on Sunday?' It is needless to say that all futher grave conversation on the subject was impossible.

THE DOG THAT LOVED HIS MISTRESS.—An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who lately painted a portrait of a Duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied—declaring that it was totally unlike. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance or no resemblance be left to a little dog belonging to the Duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly, the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady the next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner did he see the portrait than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete, and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night; which was actually so—the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of *lard!* The dog's nose was sharper than the critics' eye.

HIBERNIAN CONSOLATION.—Recently, a small party of Patlanders obtained admission to the jail at Durham, on a visit to their countryman, M' Cormack, who had to take his trial on a charge of murder. Having intimated to the prisoner that they had collected a sufficient sum to retain counsel for his defence, they were about to take their leave, when one of the party, shaking the accused by the hand, administered this truly Hibernian piece of consolation:—"Ah! thin Martin, my boy, keep up yer spirits; it's no consequence whether ye'er hanged or transported, so long as ye get justice done yez." Poor Martin, unable to appreciate the force of the logic, only replied by a [illegible] midst of which the comforters took their leave. He was subsequently found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

A GOOD ONE.—The New-York Spirit of the Times tells a good joke concerning a verdant limb of the law, who resided upon Nauticoke Creek, and in times of the absence of the pastor of the "district meeting," acted as clerk. He had a strange way of manufacturing a word when at a loss for the right one. Well, upon a certain occasion, when he deemed his services in request, he undertook to "give out a hymn," in which the word *doxology* occurred; but, as he couldn't get hold of the word, he requested the congregation to sing "four verses and a *sock-dologer*."

A FARMER'S WIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Sir Antony Fitzherbeth, Chancellor to Henry VIII., thus describes a model farmer's wife:—"It is a wyve's occupation to winnowe all manner of cornes, to make malte, to wash and ironyng, to make hay, shere corne, and in time of nede to help her husband to fill the muckwayne or dungcart, drive the plough, load hay, corne, and such other. And to go or ride to the market to sell butter, cheese, egges, chekyns, capons, hens, pigs, geese, and all manner of cornes."

A little miss about fourteen years of age, attended a writing school, and had made considerable proficiency in her chirography. The master set her copies alphabetically, and after finishing the word "Union," which was given her, she artlessly looked up in the face of her teacher, and inquired if he did not think she would be able to make a pretty good UNION in the course of a couple of years? "I rather think you will," was the reply.